

## The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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### Authors at Home.

UNDER the general title of 'Authors at Home,' THE CRITIC will soon begin the publication of a series of personal and critical sketches of the best-known living American writers. Many hands will assist in the preparation of this series, and no one will be written of whose consent has not been obtained. Mr. Lowell will be treated by Thomas Hughes—author of 'Tom Brown's School-Days,' and one of the American Minister's most intimate friends. Mr. Whittier will be written of by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Mr. Curtis by George Parsons Lathrop. Alice Wellington Rollins will tell how Mrs. Jackson ('H. H.') lives at Colorado Springs, and Roger Riordan will write of Mr. Burroughs at Esopus. Other sketches will be announced from time to time. The first of the series will be published in November.

### The Mourning Dove.

LISTEN! A voice of tears from the wooded hill,  
Now broken and lost, now waking its plaint anew;  
I heard it in summer's youth, I hear it still:

'Who, who, who?'

Only this; but I catch at the slender clew,  
And follow it back till I reach the heart of a song:  
'Who, who, who delays thee so long?'

'Who meets thee amid the rustling full-eared maize,  
Who, where the trees of strength their ripeness strew,  
Or where the willow above her mirror sways?

Who, who, who?

Who and where?—I call thee, the long day through;  
Come thou wouldst, if thy love as thy wings were strong;—  
'Who, who, who delays thee so long?'

It is the wild dove's vanishing note I hear.  
She sits her nest, and darkness and sun and dew  
Touch her soft throat, but never to utterance clear:

'Who, who, who?'

Only this; but I catch at the slender clew,  
And follow it back till I reach the heart of a wrong:  
'Who, who, who delays thee so long?'

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### A New View of Keats.

WHEN we think of Keats, and remember how the classical dictionary was read and thumbed by him, and with what deep-eyed wonder he looked into the beautiful spirit, accessories and imagery of the Greek mythology, we inevitably term him a classic poet. The easy perfection of form, the subtle mastery of finish attained so soon, and, more than all, the atmosphere of his characteristic work, set him apart as a modern Greek of most illustrious stamp. His growth from a loose luxuriousness, without special form or symmetry, to

the most curbed and orderly expression, was rapid without parallel. His two matchless odes have given him a pre-eminence attained by no other English poet, if merely the quality of their art be taken into account. I have nothing to say, indeed, in disparagement of their other qualities besides form and finish, but for the present choose to consider chiefly their technical excellence. In speaking of the ode 'On a Grecian Urn,' a late writer in *The Athenæum* says:

We have to go straight back to Greece before we can find its match for pure and perfect classic sweetness informed with a warmth of actual life. And as regards the Greek poets, it must be remembered that they—working in a positively ductile medium, working in a metrical system where there were no exigencies of rhyme, but only exigencies of quantitative undulations, to struggle with—were free from those clamorous suggestions of structure which beset and entice the worker in rhymed metres,—free to select, and free to reject the natural suggestions of the subject. We must remember all this before we can do full justice to Keats as a classic artist. As regards English poetry at least, in no other poet—save, perhaps, in Chatterton, as shown in the 'Ballad of Charity'—was the instinct of the poet as a mere artist so strong as in Keats.

But while this is both true and apparent, it should be remembered, too, that Keats did his work and left the world in twenty-five years. His best work was done at the end of his career, when the progress of disease almost overbalanced his gain in growth from time and experience. It is not certain, it may be argued, whether Keats, if he could have reached middle-life, would have cared to go on in the same exercise as that which gave us the odes in question and which is shown in the best of his verses. That great potentialities of some sort were in him is everywhere agreed; but at the age when he left off activity and life, all the phases of taste and experience had not been passed through. Take this as a partial illustration of what I mean: A young writer who sets out with a liking for Pope may at length accept Byron, and then pass on to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and finally care chiefly for Browning or Emerson. And what is true of style is true also of subject. This shifting about until a final ground is secured, which every mature mind has gone through, though it may have with different persons a different order or direction, Keats did not have time to complete. If Carlyle had died after writing his first essays and before he had become enamored of Richter and German literature, we should not have had the style which has been dubbed Carlylese, nor the Carlyle we now know.

Suppose, then, that Keats had had a longer life and better health, and had become deeply interested in Goethe's 'Faust' and the 'Niebelungen Lied'—can we tell what would have been the result? If he had read deeply about Odin and Thor or the giants of Jötunheim, or if the touching story of Balder had been melted into his heart, might there not have been a change in his style and sympathies? The writer in *The Athenæum* does not put the question in this way, but in his own way he goes on to express the opinion that there is evidence, in some of Keats's late attempts, to show that he was swinging away from the classic ideal into the realm of romanticism; and he implies that it is most likely he would have become, with a larger lease of life and opportunity, a romantic poet. He sees this evidence in what is exhibited by the fragment 'The Eve of St. Mark,' and even more distinctly in that poem which Rossetti so much admired—'La Belle Dame Sans Merci.' The romantic idea has a little foothold in 'Lamia' in spite of classical accessories, but it has no realism or quality which inspires faith in the assumptions set forth. 'The reader does not believe for a moment in that serpent woman.' In 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' the tone and color are perfectly in keeping with the subject. The whole poem shows a deep drift towards romanticism. The writer whom I have quoted thinks that 'the power over the poetry of wonder had come to Keats in one flash,' but he cannot say whether the impulse came from Coleridge, or from that old ballad, 'The Demon Lover,' which was the source of Coleridge's romantic inspiration. He holds it to

be undeniable that 'the influence (through Rossetti) of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" upon the poetry of our time has been almost as great as the influence (through Lord Tennyson) of Keats's more characteristic work'—a fact which 'it will hardly do for critics in the future to ignore.'

Human life in its modern aspects, with its quickened sense of personal sin, its livelier sympathies, its abandonment of a stoical indifference to fate, is wholly different from the life lived in classic times, and to this new life all authors who are to do much durable work must relate their themes.

JOEL BENTON.

## Reviews

### "The Destiny of Man."\*

INVITED to give a lecture during the past summer before the Concord School of Philosophy on the subject of immortality, John Fiske took occasion to reiterate views he has presented before, and to express himself strongly in favor of accepting that belief. His lecture will attract attention as coming from a man of science, and because its general attitude is so favorable to the views of religious people. It has all the interest and charm of Mr. Fiske's exposition of evolution, and the additional merit of containing an explicit statement of the author's position. After considering the evolution theory of the origin of man as proving that materialism is not true, and the results of natural selection as shown in the continual warfare of man against man in all the earlier stages of his development, he proceeds to say that 'the universal struggle for existence, having succeeded in bringing forth that consummate product of creative energy, the Human Soul, has done its work and will presently cease.' This seems to be a perfectly legitimate conclusion, but it is one which many other evolutionists would not accept. In so far as they do not, however, they ignore the higher life in man, and all that it implies. The essay of Mr. Fiske is most interesting and assuring on this subject, for he even goes so far as to say that the conclusions of evolution agree with the true spirit of Christianity. He says we lack the requisite data for making the immortality of the soul a matter of scientific demonstration, and that it must ever remain an affair of religion rather than of science. Two sentences from his concluding chapter will make it evident what is the result arrived at by Mr. Fiske. 'When we desist from the futile attempt to introduce scientific demonstration into a region which confessedly transcends human experience, and when we consider the question on broad grounds of moral probability, I have no doubt that men will continue in the future, as in the past, to cherish the faith in a life beyond the grave.' 'For my own part, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work.' Coming from Mr. Fiske this is surely a remarkable statement, for Darwin wrote of 'the vague and contradictory probabilities' of a future life. We believe, however, that Mr. Fiske has suggested a line of reasoning leading in the right direction and fully sustained by all the facts in the case. He looks at the subject in a broad and helpful manner, which will be sure to be encouraging to those who look to science for their religious beliefs. Perhaps no one will believe because of this essay, and yet it will confirm many, who now believe, in holding fast to their faith. It is fresh, vigorous and thought-provoking.

### Some Recent Theological Books.

THERE are sermons and sermons. Two volumes lying before us illustrate the wide variety in writings designed for public delivery, on Sundays, to miscellaneous audiences. 'Sermons,' by David Swing (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), present the same grace of thought and exuberance of rhetoric,

\* The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the same vagueness at certain test-points, the same depreciation of dogma and the same failure to stir the reader in the depths of his heart, which Prof. Swing has taught us to expect. 'Sermons to the Spiritual Man,' by Dr. William G. T. Shedd (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a book of indefinitely greater strength and worth. You feel that the subjects have been thought *through*. You are in contact with a vigorous mind. You are brought face to face with profound facts. The style is chaste and dignified, as befits the august matter. Some of the doctrines you may not like; you may even believe you have good ground to reject them; but the book is a tonic for every man who likes to think, and, if he is susceptible to such impressions, cannot fail to grasp him with commanding spiritual power. Prof. Swing's amiable, poetical idealism may attract the crowd, but there is no such food in it.

'Successful Preachers' is a volume of sketches by the Rev. George J. Davies. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) They make no great claim; and they are not in the least exhaustive, or even compact and approximately thorough, studies of character and method. The extracts given from sermons are too few and too short to be fairly representative. In a word, they are in quality, what more than half of them are in fact, popular notices for the religious newspaper. But there is a cheerful good nature—even better, a catholic temper—about them which leaves a pleasant flavor. They may help busy people to an acquaintance with good men. The last chapter, on 'American Preachers of the Protestant Episcopal Church,' is hardly more than a brief catalogue of names, and adds nothing to the worth of the book.

'Notes on the Late Revision of the New Testament Version,' by the Rev. Daniel R. Goodwin, D.D., of Philadelphia (Thomas Whittaker), embodies such criticisms on the alterations made by the Revisers as have suggested themselves to the author, and makes the impression of rather severe condemnation, though Dr. Goodwin calls attention to the fact that the scope of the book forbade his dwelling on the merits of the Revision. He certainly shows that the Revisers were not always self-consistent, and yet we are disposed to think him somewhat hypercritical. At all events, the Revised Version, we feel sure, will ultimately stand or fall on its merits as an *accurate translation*, and not because of the consistency or inconsistency, the caution or the lack of caution, exhibited by the Revision Committee.

'Luther and the Reformation,' by Joseph Seiss, D.D., contains the oration delivered by the author in Steinway Hall, New York, Nov. 10, 1883—by all odds the most comprehensive and eloquent address, as far as we are aware, which the Luther memorial year called forth among us. Interesting papers on 'The Founding of Pennsylvania' are bound up in the same little volume. (Porter & Coates.)

'Touchstones; or, Christian Graces and Characters Tested' is a little book of direct, practical exhortation and teaching, by the Right-Rev. Ashton Oxenden, late Bishop of Montreal. (Thomas Whittaker.) It breathes a very simple and warm religious feeling.

### An Absurd Campaign Biography.

THIS 'Life of Grover Cleveland' is one of those efforts at campaign biography which o'erleap themselves and defeat their own object. Mr. Welch tries to show that Grover Cleveland is not only a better man for President than the other candidate, but the greatest and best of men—an extreme position, which can only do harm to the man it supports. Those who will vote for Mr. Cleveland have so strong and sensible a position in claiming that, without being the best and greatest of men, he is a better candidate than his opponent, and that, without being the best and greatest of men, he has shown himself a capable Mayor and just Governor, that it is a pity for them to descend to laudatory work which is simply composed of mingled ignoring and

\* The Life of Grover Cleveland. By Deshler Welsh. New York: Lovell's Library.



white-washing. Mr. Welch ignores the fact that Mr. Cleveland's wonderful majority as Governor was due, not to enthusiasm for the man or the party, but to division in the Republican ranks. He seems to consider it a solid foundation for admiration of his hero that on an extremely hot day in Buffalo once, it was noticed that he bore the heat with much equanimity! He acknowledges that Mr. Cleveland did not go to the War, but he bids us note that he sent a substitute who made a faithful soldier! His praise is largely of the kind that mentions how many bouquets a public man has received, and his hopes for the future are largely based on the rhetoric of the candidate's speeches. He does dwell to some extent on the points to be made in Mr. Cleveland's favor, and he is at some pains to perform that good office of justifying Mr. Cleveland's position toward working-men which is the legitimate work of a follower; but he weakens his effort by dilution with utterly absurd effects. Of course, what we have said is not aimed against Mr. Cleveland, but against his present biographer as a biographer. Whatever Mr. Cleveland has been or done, the public is not wildly interested in pictures of the room in which he was born. To base a candidate's claim on his having gone to the War would be sufficiently absurd; to think it necessary to defend him for not having gone, almost equally absurd; but to judge of his merits as a warrior by what his substitute accomplished, is an absurdity which we almost expected to find supplemented by an effort to prove that Mr. Blaine sent a substitute who proved faithless! It is an honor to any man that he served in the War, but it is not necessarily a disgrace to him that he did not. Let Mr. Cleveland's supporters rest his claim on this: 'He has never proved himself a very great or a very good man, but we believe him to have been honest and faithful to public trusts, and in a candidacy for public trusts we prefer him to the rival candidate.'

#### Heine's Memoirs.\*

ONE MAY SAY of Heine, with his phenomenal appearances and disappearances on the literary stage, that to him attaches the legend of the Everlasting Jew. After Goethe and Richter, he is the most extraordinary man of his time—the most whimsical, egoistic, and contradictory. The Heine literature must now fill an alcove. Discussions referring to the Heine memoirs drag their slow length through interminable reviews and journals. Heine as poet, *prosateur*, and correspondent; Heine in exile and at home; Heine *versus* Sir Walter Scott and Sir Hudson Low; Heine's travels, ballads, and opinions,—all this and much more has, time and again, graphically and ungraphically, been recorded and reviewed in print, from the thousand-page biography of Strodtmann (which we once read with delight, in German—years ago) to the Italian princess of the (Heine) blood who lately had her say about the *poeta tedesco*, to Madame Camille Selden, and M. Montégut in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Now an American dentist rushes into the arena, with the English copyright on the new Heineana discovered the other day, and overlays these highly interesting though somewhat attenuated *ana* with biographical and critical detail. Of the 274 pages in the volume, 132 go to make up the 'Introductory Essay.' This essay is sensible and appreciative, but so far as we can judge, contains little that we did not know before. The old anecdotes are repeated, the old opinions are re-quoted (the vinegar in them now somewhat flat), the old unspeakably wretched physiognomy of the poet reproduced in all its ghastliness. For those, however, who have no access to the standard German sources, the book will serve a purpose; and for those who have not seen *Die Gartenlaube* or *The Evening Post*, the translations of the fragmentary Memoirs given by Dr. Evans will be a boon, however we may object to the Germanisms that abound in them. To attempt to translate Heine's prose, far more

even than to 'pick at' his poetry, is not only daring but impudent. Who can hope to render its exquisite hits and thrusts, its humming-bird color, changing with every phrase, its cadence more melodious than any music, its satire, its persiflage? Most attempts of the kind have been either lame or ludicrous, and Heine has simply changed to a toad under the touch of the Ithuriels.

#### "He, She, It."

CERTAINLY the most brilliant thing of the kind we have ever seen is this work of a young Düsseldorf artist named Seyppel, which, under the title 'Er—Sie—Es,' lately electrified all Germany, and, done into sparkling English verse, has crossed the Channel and now the Atlantic to electrify us. (J. W. Bouton.) Truly, an amazing book, as *The Pall Mall Gazette* called it. A description of it is impossible. Our readers must treat themselves to the very few copies which remain, and judge for themselves. The young artist has taken the monumental forms and figures that play such pranks in Egyptian architecture and wrought them into the most delicious caricatures, which flash light and laughter on the Egyptian Question of to-day. Under the guise of an Egyptian Court Chronicle of Rhampsinnitos and his son Rupsippos, he fills forty-two pages with wonderfully clever sketches, with astounding pictures, verses, symbols, hieroglyphics, and with hits at modern events and insular statesmen that make one ache with merriment. The crown all, the typographical get-up is matchless: red, leathery paper to imitate papyrus—and the imitation is startling; a rugged cloth-cover to which dangle forlorn strings, aged, earthy-looking, and crumbling, as if the MS. had just been dug up; ragged red edges, palpably stained with the waters of the Nile; a cracked green seal on the outside, delightfully antique and intact, grinning with the veritable image of Rhampsinnitos himself. In short, a really 'Scharpe-eye R. A.' phenomenon, perfect enough to make Egyptologists like Ebers laugh with wonder, and papyrus-mongers like Shapira die of envy. The book is a treasure unique among books, and each of its fantastic pages is separately and individually worth preserving. If Egypt is, as old Herodotus said, the gift of the Nile, so is this book, and we have reason to be thankful for it.

#### Minor Notices.

THE Fine Art Catalogue of the New England Institute is to take the shape of a luxuriously illustrated and printed annual. A first step in this direction was taken last year, when the committee having the matter in charge determined to make of it a specimen of fine printing, especially of the photo-engravings, etchings, lithographs, etc., which illustrated the artistic exhibit of the Institute. As it met with a considerable success, it was expected at the time that the enterprise would be made a permanent one, but it was hardly looked for that it would attain to broader proportions than are proper to a catalogue. There is, no doubt, an opening for a comprehensive illustrated year-book of American art, and if Vice-President Little of the Institute and his aids are to be the first to enter it, the public has every reason to wish them success. So far as the illustrations and the general make-up go, this year's issue is all that could be wished for, but if the publication is to become of national importance, as it should, a wider survey of American art should be taken. It will probably be impossible, for some years to come, to bring to Boston, to the Institute's Exhibition, a sufficient number of first-class works to constitute a truly national show, and the pictures in the year-book should not be of those objects only that find their way there. The 'Art Notes,' too, should be replaced by a comprehensive review of the year's art. The essays from prominent writers on art which appeared in last year's catalogue should be continued. In regard to the present volume, special mention should be made of Mr. G.

\* The Memoirs of Heinrich Heine. Dr. Thomas W. Evans. London: George Bell & Sons.

F. Babb's ornamental title and of Mr. Turnure's artistic printing.

THE OBJECT of Mr. Parton's admirable 'Captains of Industry' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), with portraits, is to give examples of men who have 'shed lustre upon ordinary pursuits, either by the superior manner in which they exercised them, or by the noble use they made of the leisure which success in them usually gives.' It thus includes the stories of many men whose names are as familiar as those of Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, Elihu Burritt, Peter Cooper, Sir Christopher Wren and Henry Bessemer, with those of others more obscure whose example is equally well worth knowing. The book is entertaining and full of anecdotes, while it suggests the excellent inferences that it is not always necessary to go far away from home to make one's fortune, and that he is quite independent of protective systems who makes the best article. The mere title of one chapter—'William B. Astor, House-owner'—suggests much; and we are also reminded that more than one distinguished man in England has owed his ability to advance the public good to the fact that he did not have to waste any of his energies in efforts to keep his place. The final lesson to take to heart from this most excellent and entertaining volume is the story of the old New York merchant who used to say, 'Men generally get in this world exactly what they want; ' that is to say, what they want enough to sacrifice for it present pleasure, convenience, or leisure.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY of Boston publishes a little book on 'The Citizen and the Neighbor,' devoted to the rights and duties which men owe to each other as they live together in the State and in society. The author is the Rev. Charles F. Dole, and the object of the book is to prepare young people for a right exercise of their social and political duties. The purpose is a good one, and the design has been carried out with a fair degree of success. The twenty lessons are divided between the political, economical, social and international duties of the citizen and the State, while a thorough system of questions helps to develop each subject. The lessons are mere outlines, and they will need to be largely supplemented by the skill of an accomplished teacher, if they are to lead to any valuable results. There is no doubt that every young person would be better prepared for the duties of the citizen by such a course of study as is here contemplated, but we doubt if such a meagre statement can be of much service in ordinary Sunday-school teaching.

THE *tu quoque* argument is no vindication, and the indignant Briton who imagines that his spiteful little book, 'John Bull's Neighbor in Her True Light' (New York: R. A. Saalfeld), is an answer to 'John Bull and his Island' is the victim of a fallacy. Viewed even as a justifiable retort, the pamphlet is ineffective. Coarse taunts on the subject of Creçy and Waterloo, the Reign of Terror and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, are but sorry weapons with which to encounter an antagonist so cunning of fence as Max O'Rell. The latter at least possesses wit, method, literary style; while 'A Brutal Saxon' writes a detestable jargon, and his book is a chaos. Animated by the worst spirit, exhibiting the worst taste, the pamphlet produces so unfavorable an impression upon the reader that even its citations of fact are deprived of half their value owing to the atmosphere in which they are steeped. Some of the least pleasing traits of the English character—its insularity, narrowness, arrogance—are reproduced in the author with a distortion that defies caricature.

#### Recent Fiction.

THE AUTHOR OF 'FRANK FAIRLEIGH'—Mr. Frank E. Smedley (Franklin Square Library)—gives as his excuse for writing ninety-six tedious pages about the 'scrapes,' practi-

cal jokes and underhand dissipation of youths placed with a private tutor, his desire to reveal to parents the 'mysteries' of places they suppose to be superior to the public schools, and to prove to any young 'hopefuls' whose parents do not take the warning and insist upon sending them to a place of such temptation, that if they try hard, great as the temptations are, they will be able to resist them. The writer who takes pains to relate to young people all the things they must not on any account think of doing, is a 'friend' whose advice is of questionable value. The story is exceedingly dull.

'SUWANEE RIVER TALES,' by Sherwood Bonner (Roberts Bros.), is a collection of short stories that have already appeared in various periodicals and are well worthy of this more permanent form. While Sherwood Bonner's work was chiefly devoted to scenes with which she was most familiar, there is a wonderful versatility in her brief stories, and all are interesting. The dialect has the great merit of being easily readable and does not seem to be a less reliable rendering of Southern and 'darkey' peculiarities for trusting less to eccentric spelling in giving the idea than to the quaint, poetic thought. The book is full of little, delicate, funny touches, like that of the old woman who said of pound-cake that 'de fust bite tasted as if all de stars had turned to cake an' was a-melting in my mouth!'

'BETWEEN THE HEATHER and the Northern Sea,' by M. Linskill (Franklin Square Library), is a careful and refined story by one who knows more about books than about life, and who has used the form of a novel for giving much personal theory about art and artists. There is a good deal of sentiment, and a great deal of quotation from Browning, Arnold, Morris and Rossetti; but a really admirable thing in the story is the delineation of the artist-father whose life is made a picturesque and effective illustration of the pathos in the life of genuine workers whose work is never 'available.'

#### The Excavations at Tanis Parva.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It is announced that the Egypt Exploration Fund will resume work at San el-Hagar within a few weeks. It is to be hoped that its American representative will abandon the practice of calling Tanis Parva by the Scriptural name of Zoan. The Tanis of Herodotus and Diodorus had no connection whatever with the Zoan of the Psalmist and the Prophets, as the context plainly shows. It is true that Josephus and the Septuagint translate Zoan by Tanis, but Josephus expressly identifies that Tanis—'Tanis of Mizraim-Egypt'—with Memphis. (B. J., IV., ix., 7.) Tanis of the Delta is 'a certain small town called Tanis' (B. J., V. xi., 8) near Heracleopolis—Parva. The Septuagint translators—who, like Josephus and the Jews of the time of St. Jerome (A.D. 400), and of Benjamin of Tudela (A.D. 1200), put the land of Goshen in the Arsinoïte and Heracleopolite nomes of Middle Egypt—could not foresee the confusion which has arisen in our own century by the common practice of repeating the same name in different parts of the Nile Valley. Abulfeda gives but 24 towns, but in his introduction he names Abvair (2), Heluan (2), Abvan (3), Damanhur (4) and Busir (4). So there were Heracleopolis Magna and Parva, Hermopolis (2), Aphuaditopolis (2), Diospolis (4), etc. Heliopolis Ra messu, or On, meant as much or as little as Notre Dame, but there was but one On-Heliopolis-Mizraim-Zoan, just as there is but one Notre Dame de la Cité when the provincial appellation is omitted.

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#### Mark Twain in Bronze.

MR. KARL GERHARDT is a young American sculptor who went from Hartford to Paris to study his art at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He returned not long ago and



modelled a portrait bust of Mr. S. L. Clemens, which has been cast in bronze in Philadelphia. Mark Twain's friend and collaborator, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, has written of Mr. Gerhardt's bust in the Hartford *Courant* as follows :

The first requisite in this sort of work is the likeness. The work may be a fair likeness and very bad art, but it must first of all satisfy the desire for resemblance to the original. This bust of Mr. Clemens does that completely. It is exceedingly rare, even in the work of master artists, that this condition is so completely complied with. And the resemblance is not the superficial one of the photograph. We have seen occasional fat, smooth busts which are not a grade above colored photographs as works of art. This is not of that sort ; it gives the character of the sitter, his peculiarities, and we may say the nature and the temperament of the man. But notice how this is effected. Not by petty and timid details. The material is handled with perfect freedom and boldness—this is as apparent in the modelling of the hair and mustache as of the face. Everything is given in broad masses, full of strength and character—no pettiness here. We call attention to the manner in which the likeness is produced, because it is this that makes the bust a work of art, and lifts it into a field where it deserves the highest criticism. We are not attempting now any adequate criticism of it ; we are merely asking that it be considered as a work of art, for it seems to us more worthy of study than anything of the sort that has appeared here in a long time. It is simple in all its lines, but massive and solid in treatment, and it has a noble dignity and repose. We may not be able to separate our impression of it as a portrait from its effect simply as a work of art, but it seems to us to have very high merit, and a very unusual sort of excellence. It is worth studying.

### The Lounger

A WEEK ago I expressed my unwillingness to believe that Mr. Whittier had ever said of Mrs. Gustafson's 'Meg, a Pastoral,' that it was excelled only by Milton's 'Lycidas.' Unless I hear it directly from the poet himself, I shall give him the benefit of the doubt, I said. Within a few days I have received a letter on another subject from Mr. Whittier, in which he says, incidentally : 'Mrs. Axel Gustafson, has written well in prose and verse. But her 'Meg, a Pastoral' is a simple, unpretentious poem, which could by no possibility suggest comparison with Milton by myself or any one else. Her husband's late publication, an exhaustive and able study of the 'Drink Question,' is a very valuable contribution to the literature of Temperance, and deserves a wide circulation.'

MANY paragraphs as misleading as that which Mr. Whittier has thus courteously corrected are going the rounds of the press. It is well to head them off. They help no one ; for overpraise is always injudicious, and overpraise attributed to a person who never uttered it inflicts a double injury. Mrs. Gustafson and other sufferers should pray to be defended from their friends.

THE LONDON *Spectator*, reading in a book on America of 'a very charming American lady,' who, 'not feeling that she could eat much,' one morning, ordered 'some oatmeal mush, some tender loin-steak (*sic*), some fish-balls, some chicken hash, some corn bread, some griddle-cakes and maple-molasses, and some dry toast,' observes that it would be interesting to know what she disposed of when her appetite was pretty good.' It would, indeed. Perhaps I can enlighten the writer. 'When her appetite was pretty good,' she probably added to the above list half a dozen mutton-chops, four dozen oysters, a pound of hog'shead cheese, two pounds of sausage and a dish of potatoes hashed in cream, washing down the more substantial of these viands with three pints of *café au lait*. And when her appetite was very good, she undoubtedly consumed, in addition to this moderate repast, a roast turkey, a Floridian alligator, a Sioux Indian, and—a British gull ! So *The Spectator's* reviewer had better give this 'very charming' lady a wide berth, if he should have the misfortune to meet her before breakfast on a cold day.

I AM reminded by this naïve exhibition of British gullibility of the remark of an English lady to an American visitor who happened to admire the richness of a bowl of cream. 'Do you have cream in America?' she asked. Another lady of the same type amused a young Englishman who had just returned from 'the States' by saying, interrogatively, 'I suppose you don't have ice in America?' and then adding, when he corrected

her, 'Oh, of course, you must get the Wenham Lake ice very good there.' Which is quite on a par with the recent observation of a stay-at-home German to an American girl, to the effect that he supposed the Atlantic was frozen over every winter, to the entire suspension of steamship travel between Europe and America !

*The Current*, of Chicago, has adopted a cover which pleases the publisher of that sturdy torch-bearer of cultivation in the West. 'The design,' we are told, 'is from the pencil of Robert Burns Wilson, the poet-artist of Kentucky.' Its chief feature is the figure of a woman—'an eloquent idealization of most nobly distinctive attributes in the American character.' 'She stands, leaning forward, beautiful, eager, welcoming—holding high in her upraised hand a chalice of water, her left hand clasping a wreath and suggestively falling to the fountain's marge. Her drapery, while befitting the period of which she is the resplendent type, is a revelation of artistic possibilities, a remarkable accommodation of modern costume to the rules of classic simplicity. The whole attitude is one of glowing, gladness of life. . . . One cannot fail to see disclosed by the artist, in this bright ideal, vigorously American as it is, the very ultimate flower of that civilization which had its birth on the storied shores of classic Greece.' No one but the poet who conceived and executed this 'ultimate flower' of American art could have penned the transcendent description of its details from which the above is quoted.

How has it happened that no one, so far as I have seen, in noticing that clever skit at the Shapira forgeries, 'He, She, It,' has been struck by the fact that the name of the Prime Minister, Krimsab, is an anagram of Bismark? I wouldn't have noticed it myself, perhaps, if a learned friend hadn't called my attention to it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Baltimore *Herald* says that the real heroine of Whittier's poem, 'Barbara Freitchie,' was Mrs. Mary A. Quantrell, and that the Quantrell family have letters from Mr. Whittier acknowledging his mistake. Mr. Joseph Walker of Washington tells the story as follows :

There was no window-sill and there was no old woman about it. Mrs. Mary A. Quantrell was at that time a woman of thirty-two, black-haired, and, though she did become my mother-in-law afterward, I must say that she was very pretty. . . . On the day that Jackson and his army passed through Frederick, she and her little daughter, Virgie Quantrell, who is now the wife of Mr. Perry Brown, at present an employé of the Government printing-office, were standing at the gate. . . . Virgie was waving a very small flag, such as children play with on patriotic days. Many of the rebel soldiers had called out, 'Throw down that flag!' But the little girl kept waving it. Suddenly, a lieutenant drew his sword and cut the staff in two, the flag falling to the ground. The little girl then took another small flag and waved it, and this in turn was cut from her hand. Then Mrs. Quantrell displayed a larger flag and waved it in a conspicuous manner. This she continued to do until Stonewall Jackson and his men had all marched past her house. She was not molested in the least. In fact, many of the officers and men treated her with marked courtesy. Some of the officers raised their hats and said, 'To you, madam ; not to your flag.'

### Barry Cornwall on the Reading of Books.

[From *Temple Bar*.]

DEAR MR. BENTLEY : I find, looking over some old records of the past, some remarks made by my husband on reading books. The paper was written for our old friend Mr. Brookfield, who wished to give a lecture on that subject. I believe he did not carry out this intention. The paper may perhaps interest a few old friends who still remember Barry Cornwall. No man ever loved books more intensely ; they were his solace and delight from youth to age, and cheered and made endurable a long and painful illness. Unable to speak to his living friends he turned to his dead ones. Yours, dear Mr. Bentley, very truly,

ANNE BENSON PROCTER.

19 ALBERT HALL MANSION, KENSINGTON GORE, July 18, 1884.

THE curiosity of the world is divided mainly between the thoughts and actions of men. The deeds which men do, and the words which they write (or say), have almost an equal influence upon their age and posterity. We profit by a maxim or proverb full of wisdom, almost as much as by the example of a philosopher or a hero. It is necessary, therefore, to study both. At present we will confine ourselves to one only. This one, indeed, has become of far greater importance than the other, since men's deeds have been turned into words, by the ingenuity of historians and others. Half of the world, which at one time was

a huge sheet of unblotted foolscap, has now been converted into a tremendous book. Every leaf has been written upon; some in fine and some in faint lines; and a few, it must be confessed, in very perplexing characters. History, science, politics, poetry or fiction and morals, occupy all the inquiring heads in Christendom. At one time knowledge was the property only of a few, who had to gather it with extreme labor. Now the road has been made tolerably easy. It is one, indeed, on which all of us may travel. The diffusion of letters—like the overflowing of the Nile—at first traversed only the neighboring regions—the homes of scholars and men of learning. In the course of time it spread over the middle levels of society. Then it rose higher, among warriors and nobles; and finally it has penetrated deeper, fertilizing the intellects of the artisan and the peasant. We learn because we desire to learn, and the having learned begets the desire to teach. For every cultivated mind engenders thought, and becomes self-producing; otherwise the world would be stagnant. As it is each brings his little hoard to the great whole, and the mountain of knowledge is made up of a million parts. Thousands have contributed to this before us, and there will be thousands also will do the same after us. Let no one despise even his own contribution, however small, to the general heap. It elevates ourselves, and helps others to creep toward that summit, which no one will ever be able entirely to ascend. But let us do our best. What we wish to do must be done by a division of labor, for no one person can do everything. Even these present observations (however humble) are an attempt after a fashion to do something rather than remain idle.

Do not forget that there are millions of things to be seen and discussed; and be satisfied that everything may be seen from a different point of view. It is true that in whatever way you look at a sphere it is always round. Yet it has different aspects. No one side is exactly like another. The color, the shade, the marks or veins of each has its peculiar character. The views may also be taken from several distances. You sometimes see in a picture a man whose height is a yard, and sometimes only an inch. Yet both are true, because the artists have taken their sketches from different distances. The senses and powers of all men differ from each other, and these prompt them always to do something new. One man finds a stone, which another cuts, and a third polishes until it dazzles the sense. One brings a seed, producing apparently a mean flower; but another transplants it into better mould, while a third marries to a congenial blossom, and lo! comes forth a radiant wonder such as summer has never beheld. Again, nothing should be despised by a person desirous of knowledge. There is nothing, however minute, which does not deserve attention, for observe, scarcely any object, however simple, consists of one indivisible substance. The human body is made up, as anatomists will tell you, of many parts. Each has its design and use; and to these must be superadded the senses, and the intellect, which no one has hitherto been able to explain. The sea is made up of countless water-drops, the shore of countless sands. Nay, even a single drop of water, or an insect's egg (smaller than any water-drop), contains thousands of inhabitants, each capable of receiving and enjoying life, of possessing a mind (which we call instinct), and each like ourselves subject to the common law of Death. All this and far more you will learn from books, upon which we are now to converse.

There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred as far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David—the sublime grievings of Job—the speculations of Plato—the visions of Homer, have by these means been handed down faithfully for many centuries, and distributed among mankind. If there were no books, our knowledge would be almost confined to the limit of sight and hearing. All that we could not see or hear, in action, would be to us—like the inhabitants (if there be any) of the planet Saturn—a mere matter of idle conjecture. To read, mark, learn and inwardly digest *all* the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task, and how to proceed for the purpose. We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry

away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good. We should read, not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to *enlarge it*. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler, there is no king beyond him.

And now I propose to offer a few observations on the mode of reading books; *i.e.*, to show how books may be read with profit. I do not pretend to exhaust the subject, but simply to state what I myself have found to be useful. Every man gains something from his own experience. During his periods of study, he must have noted the times when he derived advantage, and when he did not succeed in reaping any. His gain and loss on these occasions, properly pointed out, cannot fail I think to be of use to others. Without some counsel, a man at first reads to waste—he reads much that becomes of little value. Were I to collect the opinions of others, I should probably place before you brilliant sentences, imposing maxims. But as I have not found all instructions easy to follow, or profitable in the result, I shall, by taking everything from my own experience, from my own point of view, show, among things that may be questionable, things that are at least stamped with my own convictions.

Let us first consider the temper in which we ought to commence our studies. We should come to our studies, then, with a clear, unprejudiced mind, with a resolution to persevere, until we fully understand our author; to read him, in short, with candor and industry. It is indispensable that we should strive to discover the truth or beauty of a book; rather than its errors. We should begin with a trusting, rather than with a carping spirit. The faults generally float upon the surface, and may easily be discovered. But the truths lie deeper, and must be sought for. The latter will strengthen and fertilize the mind of the reader. The discovery of the former will only feed his self-conceit. A boy who has been a year in geography, may know that Bohemia is not on the sea-coast. But it requires that a man should have a fine mind and a cultivated intellect to appreciate the vernal beauties that lie scattered about in Shakespeare's pastoral of 'The Winter's Tale.' If you should not understand the precise meaning of an author of repute, or fail to appreciate him at his current value (for humor, or style, etc.), don't rely on your first impression, but try again, at a future time. Do not complain that the author has not done what he has not professed to do, or that he has not come up to a model at which he has not aimed. Give him credit for what he *has done*, apart from all other considerations. Hazlitt said, 'Mr. B— criticises Mrs. Siddons, and says that she is not a philosopher.' The answer is, 'She does not pretend to be a philosopher; all that she attempts is to be a great actress,—and in this she succeeds.'

Always consider the character or quality of a book. If it be a history, do not look for wit. If it be a book of jests, do not look for a moral discourse. There are indeed sometimes sparks of wit in a history, and sometimes a moral in a joke, but these are occasional only, and do not form the staple of the book, on which alone the author is strictly amenable to critical judgment. Then in reading a book, remember that almost every author writes on the presumption that the reader knows something of the history or science, politics, or other subject on which he treats. Without this presumption, all books would be flat and tedious. There would be no style, no clearness or rapidity of narration, were the author to stop at every sentence to explain what he has a right to suppose that nineteen out of every twenty readers know. There would be no incentive or stimulus for the reader. The mere use of words and phrases which are not in every-day use, the adoption of new combinations, forces the reader to think, and induces him to ascertain and verify meanings, which he would otherwise idly take upon trust, and never remember afterward. Sometimes, in compound words or complicated sentences, it is useful to analyze and take them to pieces, and examine the parts separately. It is a good practice, especially in books which profess to deal with science, or to encounter difficult problems. It tends to prove them and render them intelligible. At first, you should treasure up facts, as so many items of knowledge. After a time you will select from them. A fact to be useful must be suggestive; otherwise it is no better than a tissue of words. There are many facts as barren as the sands on the sea-shore. These you will discover in the course of time. Some persons are for reason only—or rather for books which proceed upon calculation and reasoning. But reasoning deals with only one faculty of the mind, and we should not confine ourselves to one. The most famous works, those which have



lasted longer than others, are not works proceeding merely from reason. The Bible, Homer, Shakspeare's works, proceeded from other influences.

Besides facts, besides reasoning, there will probably appear the opinions of the author. Read and consider these also. If the book be the product of a great writer, observe the style carefully. For a good style is not a mere grace in writing. It consists of words which have the best meanings, and *more* meaning (*i.e.*, truer, deeper meaning) than words that are placed in a dull, and poorly written book. There is no style worth the name which does not involve new ideas. It is, in fact, this accession of new thoughts which constitutes the merit of any style in writing. We always read with a view to profit—of some kind or other; to obtain information, to determine an opinion, or for amusement, which is profit in another shape. This being the case, never read when the mind is listless, nor when you are disposed to be idle. This is frequently the case when the body only is fatigued. Above all, never read when the mind has been fatigued by exertion. For the mind can no more endure too much than the body. After a certain quantity of labor, it fails either to distinguish, perceive, or to remember very distinctly. Persistence, in such case, damages and effaces much of what has been read when the mind was fresh and impressible; the judgment becomes dull and fails to act. At such times it is better to let the memory or the fancy have its will and stray elsewhere; better still to repose altogether until you attain new strength. The bad consequence of 'all work and no play' has been enshrined in a proverb.

Do not content yourself, as I have said, with mere facts and books of science. Read also works of imagination, in prose and poetry. They will enliven your mind, and enrich it also. All knowledge does not consist in amassing information to trade with in future life, to serve you in your ordinary dealings in a trade or a profession. There are vast treasures besides, which stimulate and raise and educate the intellect, much that enables you to judge of men and things in general, of words and actions, and motives, in a wider scope. Believe me, there is often hid in a poet's verse a deeper moral than in a bulky sermon. No treatise or essay, on politics or history or morals, or on any branch of science which I have ever read, contains as much wisdom as a play of Shakspeare. Do not shut out any author of merit. To limit yourself always to certain books or subjects is to blind yourself wilfully to all the wonders that lie beyond them. Always read the preface to a book. It places you on vantage ground, and enables you to survey more completely the book itself. You frequently also discover the character of the author from the preface. You see his aims, perhaps his prejudices. You see the point of view from which he takes his pictures, the rocks and impediments which he himself beholds, and you steer accordingly.

Sometimes an author has a merit intermixed with obvious defects. His style may be absolute or indifferent, while his reasoning may be good and his thoughts original. In such case, meditate on the valuable matter which he brings before you, and forget the rest. Understand every word you read; if possible every allusion of the author; if practicable while you are reading; if not, make search and inquiry as soon as may be afterward. Have a dictionary near you when you read, and when you read a book of travels, always read with a map of the country at hand. It enables you to follow the author correctly; and it imprints the facts upon your mind. Without a map, the information is vague and the impression transitory. So also if you read on any subject capable of illustration, for the object of teaching is not to teach words but things. Therefore, have the object or a printed representation of it by you. If it be of the manufacture or ornamenting of china, for instance, have a vase or other figure, as the case may require. If you read of natural history, prints of birds or animals will materially help you to retain in your memory what you may read concerning them. The memory retains better what is impressed on two senses than on one. Books relating to a science or a profession should be studied carefully. But the quantity of study in each day should be moderate. Do not overburden your mind with too much labor.

After having read as much as your mind will easily retain, sum up what you have read—endeavor to place in view the portion or subject that has formed your morning's study; and then reckon up (as you would reckon up a sum) the facts or items of knowledge that you have gained. If any of these should not be distinctly impressed on your mind, turn back to that which is imperfectly remembered and freshen your memory. It generally happens that the amount of three or four hours' reading may be reduced to and concentrated in half a dozen propositions. These

are your gains—these are the facts or opinions that you have acquired. You may investigate the truth of them hereafter. The next day revert to your last reading, and try if what you obtained yesterday still remain as so many precise facts in your mind. Although I think that one's general reading should extend over many subjects, yet for serious *study* we should confine ourselves to some branch of literature or science. Otherwise the mind becomes confused and enfeebled, and the thoughts, dissipated on many things, will settle profitably on none. A man, whose duration of life is limited and whose powers are limited also, should not aim at all things, but should content himself with a few. By such means he may master one and become tolerably familiar perhaps with two or three arts or sciences. He may indeed even make valuable contributions to them. Without this economy of labor he cannot produce any complete work, nor can he exhaust any subject.

History in general is the story of crimes and conquests. It does not concern itself with peaceful heroes or silent blessings. It deals little with discoveries—little with the progress of literature or science. It seldom descends to individuals unless they be possessed of rank or power. Dante, Shakspeare, Newton, are rarely mentioned in history, and then only in a cursory way. It has, however, this advantage, that you may extract profit from the bad as well as from the good characters. Some people exist for examples and others for warnings. It is the commonest of morals that you are to imitate the one and avoid the other. It is necessary to recollect not only dates and names, not only events, but to examine also their significance and import on later times. You must draw inferences from them in order to comprehend their value. Look at the French Revolution. The scholar will recollect what a state of things existed before it. The most unjust privileges were possessed by the nobles, the clergy and the higher classes. These persons enjoyed almost exclusively the fruits of the abundant earth. The people were oppressed and without rights. They were stung into rebellion by a long series of abuses, which finally became no longer endurable. The people themselves were equally unjust and cruel in their turn. Horrible cruelties were exercised during the Reign of Terror. There arose a confusion of religions, discordant policies, every species of passion and policy came into power by turn, until at last they were finally subdued by a great military genius, who commenced a new domination, not very different from the old against which they had rebelled formerly.

All this from general history. But would the inquiring reader enrich his mind further, let him read and lay to his soul the thousand instances of individual heroism and devotion, which made the time illustrious as well as disgraceful; the good which was seen on both sides, Royalist as well as Republican. What courage, what generosity, what tenderness, what fidelity, what self-sacrifice shone out in those terrible and stormy days! Again, what a world of knowledge may be gathered by meditating on the lives of remarkable men! Their thoughts and actions, their birth and growth and fulfilment, all the chances and accidents of their course, are pregnant with more than ordinary meaning. As their stature is beyond their fellows, so are their lives transcendent in value, abundant in their depths, fertile in the shallowest places. A distinguished writer has said, that the history of a great man is the history of the time he lived in. Now, although the humors of dominating persons have frequently contributed to certain results, yet the character of a people, their bravery or industry, their patience or other qualities, and the growing intelligence of the times they lived in, have generally, I think, determined the result. Then what lessons are taught by the common records of every day! Look at the love of parents,—the endurances of married women,—the crimes and heroism, the frauds and follies of men—the Bankrupt and Insolvent Courts,—the accidents and offences set forth in newspapers,—the news from distant lands,—the tyrannies and cruelties and revolts in foreign countries,—the privations and perseverance of travellers,—the frightful agonies of the castaway,—the recoveries from shipwreck,—all that people think and do and suffer at all times. Not one of these facts should lie barren in the mind. They should be dwelt upon; they should be planted in the memory, and produce a new thought, a new growth. In the course of time some of them may become events in history, and may be taught as lessons for the times to come.

In the course of reading, a variety of subjects will occur to the mind of any one who tries to look at a subject on all sides. We read, for instance, of a man's children inheriting funds or money, and we think at first only how lucky he is. But reflect! What a fine effect of social polity it is, which enables a man who has toiled during his life to bequeath at his death to those who were dear to him, those probably for whom alone he has toiled, all the

results of his labor. Although he must go from this world into the next as naked as he was born, he can—by means of a will or social agreement—give that which he cannot take with him to persons whom of all the world he loved the best. When we abuse and deride the law, let us recollect that it is an aggregate of many intellects, a body of polity dealing with the most difficult subjects, and formed for the benefit of all.

### Old Teutonic Life in Beowulf.

[From an article by Prof. J. A. Harrison, in *The Overland Monthly*.]

THE old English poem of Beowulf, on which the ensuing study is based, is found in a single parchment manuscript of the Cottonian Library of the British Museum, signed Vitellius A. XV. The manuscript consists of different parts, of different ages, and contains, besides this poem, the fragment of the old-English poem of Judith, the Epistle of Alexander to Aristotle, the Descriptio Fabulosa Orientis, the Legend of St. Christopher, the dialogues of Saturn and Solomon (both old-English and Latin), the Pseudo-gospel of Nicodemus, certain translations attributed to King Alfred, a census report of the cities, parishes, and soldiers of England, and several important essays on the capture of Calais by Edward the Third, and on the martyrs.

The date of the manuscript of Beowulf is believed to fall within the tenth century. Kemble thought that he discovered two distinct hands in its preparation, viz.: from the opening line to line 1940, and from 1940 to the end.

Unfortunately, the parchment or parchment-cluster in which the poem is found was greatly injured by a fire in 1731, so that portions of it are almost illegible, or at least very friable and difficult to read. Two copies of it, however, were fortunately made by the Dane Thorkelin, one in 1786 and the other later, before the bad places in it had become irreparably bad; hence, scholars have been able, by a patient and careful comparison of the original with the copies, to restore, at least conjecturally, many of the original readings, and rescue from oblivion one of the most important monuments we have of old-English genius and life. Whatever may be the character of the life mirrored in the poem—whether English, Scandinavian, or general Teutonic, or, as some would have it, all three—the poem has seemed worthy of study from the *culturgeschichtlich* point of view, as affording us interesting data for a reconstruction of our ancestral conditions.\* Though for the purposes of this essay it seemed best to call the paper a study of the old Teutonic life in Beowulf, the life depicted is sufficiently akin to what we know of old-English life to give us a sort of feeling that we are dealing with a national possession, that we have an ownership in this drama of antique prowess, that its thrilling breath and its terse talk are forerunners of what we find later so abundantly in poetry peculiarly English; and the fact that this ancient work of truth and imagination, of myth and of historic event, is clothed not in a 'corruptum langage,' as the twelfth century translator of Geoffrey of Monmouth calls the language of Britain, but has found its 'riche sepulture,' as Chaucer calls it, in the purest poetic Saxon of Wessex; the fact, I say, that we are dealing, linguistically at least, with a great vernacular poem (whether translation or not let the linguists decide) gives an additional emphasis to the research as of value to the purely English student of ancient times, and may help us to build up for ourselves some conception of what those times were. Highly poetic though the texture of its Saxon be, it is one with the simple Saxon of Wolfstan and the limpid talk of Aelfric.†

The main incidents of the epic are as follows: The poem opens with a few verses in praise of the Danish Kings, especially Scild, the son of Scaef. His death is related, and his descendants briefly traced down to Hrothgar. Hrothgar, elated with his prosperity and success in war, builds a magnificent hall, which he calls Heorot. In this hall Hrothgar and his retainers live in joy and festivity, until a malignant fiend called Grendel, jealous of their happiness, carries off by night thirty of Hrothgar's men, and devours them in his moorland retreat. These ravages go on for twelve years. Beowulf, a Thane of Hygelac, King of the Goths, hearing of Hrothgar's calamities, sails from Sweden with fourteen warriors to help him. They reach the Danish Coast in safety, and, after an animated parley with Hrothgar's coast guard, who at first takes them for pirates, they

are allowed to proceed to the royal hall, where they are well received by Hrothgar. A banquet ensues, during which Beowulf is taunted by the envious Hunferth about his swimming match with Breca, King of the Brondings. Beowulf gives the true account of the contest and silences Hunferth. At nightfall the King departs, leaving Beowulf in charge of the hall. Grendel soon rushes in, seizes and devours one of Beowulf's companions, is attacked by Beowulf, and after losing an arm, which is torn off by Beowulf, escapes to the fens. The joy of Hrothgar and the Danes, and their festivities are described, various episodes are introduced, and Beowulf and his companions receive splendid gifts. The next night Grendel's mother revenges her son by carrying off Aeschere, the friend and councillor of Hrothgar, during the absence of Beowulf. Hrothgar appeals to Beowulf for vengeance, and describes the haunts of Grendel and his mother. They all proceed thither; the scenery of the lake and the monsters that dwell in it are described. Beowulf plunges into the water, and attacks Grendel's mother in her dwelling at the bottom of the lake. He at length overcomes her and cuts off her head, together with that of Grendel, and brings the heads to Hrothgar. He then takes leave of Hrothgar, sails back to Sweden, and relates his adventures to Hygelac. Here the first half of the poem ends.

The second begins with the accession of Beowulf to the throne after the fall of Hygelac and his son Heardred. He rules prosperously for fifty years, till a dragon, brooding over a hidden treasure, begins to ravage the country, and destroys Beowulf's palace with fire. Beowulf sets out in quest of its hiding-place with twelve men. Having a presentiment of his approaching end, he pauses and recalls to mind his past life and exploits. He then takes leave of his followers one by one, and advances alone to attack the dragon. Unable from the heat to enter the cavern, he shouts aloud, and the dragon comes forth. The dragon's scaly hide is proof against Beowulf's sword, and he is reduced to great straits, when Wiglaf, one of his followers, advances to help him. Wiglaf's shield is consumed by the dragon's fiery breath, and he is compelled to seek shelter under Beowulf's shield of iron. Beowulf's sword snaps asunder, and he is seized by the dragon. Wiglaf stabs the dragon from underneath, and Beowulf cuts it in two with his dagger. Feeling that his end is near, he bids Wiglaf bring out the treasures from the cavern, that he may see them before he dies. Wiglaf enters the dragon's den, which is described, returns to Beowulf, and receives his last commands. Beowulf dies, and Wiglaf bitterly reproaches his companions for their cowardice. The disastrous consequences of Beowulf's death are then foretold, and the poem ends with his funeral.\*

The poem of Beowulf is the most valuable document for the study of early Teutonic social history, *un document pour servir*; and its age, the primitiveness of the life depicted, the length of the poem—some 3000 lines—all favor a method of spoliation which may be put in practice in this paper—a spoliation of details relating to old Teutonic life, through which we may reconstruct for ourselves a partial picture of that ancient life, and along with it a picture of the life of our own immediate ancestors. In seeing exactly what the hero Beowulf saw, in trying to reconstruct for ourselves the life and landscape that surrounded him in the sixth century of our era (for one of the incidents in it has been traced to the year 511), we shall be getting a glimpse into the origins of our race, none the less objective because these origins are so far away.

Our space is necessarily so limited that much of what might be said about the internal contents of this poem, on the religious and political sides, will have to be omitted, and the paper will deal almost exclusively with externals. There is much, too, that must be left unsaid about the folklore of the poem, the sports and pastimes depicted in it, the social customs, the germs of commonwealth life just beginning to spring up in that early society as here revealed. Perhaps, however, there may be an opportunity hereafter of returning to these matters.

The epic of Beowulf is a sort of poetic *Germania*: an unconscious poetic treatise on the customs and habits of the early Germans at once confirmatory of and supplementary to Tacitus. The attitude of the epic artist is a naïve, an unconscious attitude; and he is one with the life he depicts. Whether he be a single artist or whether the workmanship of the poem is that of an epic group, we cannot discuss here; the attitude is the same, the naïve unconsciousness of which we have spoken is there all the same, and it is unmistakable. The life, the varied woof of the poem, is so strange, yet so familiar, that it repels while it attracts; it is ours, and yet it is not. We have great masses of

\* It is certain that we have in Beowulf a poem composed before the Teutonic conquest of Britain. The localities are purely Continental. The scenery is laid among the Goths of Sweden and the Danes. In the episodes the Swedes, Frisians, and other Continental tribes appear, while there is no mention of Jutland or the adjoining countries and nations.—H. Sweet, in Hazlett's Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. II., 1871.

† L. A. Napier's Wolfstan, Göttingen, 1883.

\* Hazlett's Warton, Vol. II., p. 9.



life in the concrete before us, *en bloc*. We are startled by its 'sensuous explicitness,' its direct and fervid quality, which, far from having hardened into mere formulae, is still in a state of glow and fermentation. Though we say that Beowulf has no descendants, and, so far as we know, no ancestry; though the whole massy epic stands before us complete, so far as we know, in the eighth or ninth century, a perfect excerpt from a wide life which in a certain sense has closed forever in it; we have but to look for an instant into ourselves, into our general Teutonic consciousness, and there we see its lineal descendants, the ideas which informed and moulded it. All things are in twilight, to be sure; but it is a dawn, not a dusk—it is the beginning of our Teutonic life, that we see pushing out vigorous germs, and striding toward the light with unmistakable emphasis.

It will be necessary to qualify much of what our greatest Anglo-Saxon scholar, Professor March, in a recent essay,\* says about the atmosphere, the constituents of the poem; for he makes it out a sheet of colorless protoplasm, a sort of dumb show, in which nothing sings or rings save an item or two which he enumerates. Here, of course, the 'personal equation' must be tolerantly considered; each sees what he has eyes to see, and hears what he has ears to hear. The effect produced on the writer by the poem is not that of a soundless pantomime, but that of intense, continuous noise. The epic opens with an interjection; it ends with a dirge. The opening interjection, however, does not spoil the mystery, beauty, and tranquillity of the introductory canto. This canto whispers rather than sings—it is full of soft, preluding chords, of mystic hints, of ancient folklore, of faint dynastic traditions that lie at the door of the poem, far-off echoes of things probably once true; *vox et præterea quiddam*; and the echoes chase one another round and round as in a whispering gallery. The story of Scild and Scaef, to which I refer (Canto I), rises in adumbration, an exhaling breath that takes momentary form and then vanishes. In so far as it is a hint of what is to come, this opening of the poem—its *andante*—is vividly picturesque, and the story it gives has been well compared to the story of Hiawatha, of Kalewala, and of Arthur. It has not been noted, however, that the poem begins and ends with the two ancient Germanic methods of doing away with or burying the eminent dead. The body of Scild is placed in a death-barge, a mass of jewels trembling on his bosom, a golden banner floating over his head, and costly arms enveloping his limbs; he is committed to the waves and wafted away as in a mysterious gondola, into an unknown sea—into an unknown land. As a matter of fact, we are told that the mighty Alaric, King of the Visigoths, when he died on the shores of the Mediterranean, was actually thus buried. In the Edda, Sinfiötli,† the son of Sigmund, after he has drunk the horn of poisoned ale, dies and is placed in a ship. He is received by Odin, who pushes out from the land and vanishes with the strange burden. So Balder, that Eddic incarnation of sunshine and loveliness, is slain by the mistletoe twig, and is placed by his brother gods in his ship, Hringhorni. The ship will not stir; thereupon, the giantess, Hyrrokkin, is summoned; she pushes it off into the deep, while fire flashes from it and the earth trembles; and thus the pagan god of beauty passes in a mysterious ship-chariot of fire, with the hammer of Thor and the ring of Odin, out into the unknown.‡

It was an immemorial superstition that the dead must pass over a sea or over a stream into the land of the living. Kudrun (Krimhilt) lays Atli's body in a waxen shroud, places it in a painted sarcophagus, and commits it to the fateful waters. Swedish legend tells us of a golden vessel that Odin uses to ferry the fallen heroes from Bravall to Walhalla. German legend is full of ministering spirits that act as ferry-folk, ghostly *psychopompoi*, while men are asleep,§ while shiploads of dead were buried together in their ship, as in the case of the men of King Hakon the Good, of Norway.

The other method of providing for the dead is that of burning, and is described in two very fine passages of Beowulf; the description of the funeral pyre of Beowulf himself, and the fiery burial of the sons and brother of Hildeburh.|| Songs are sung around the burning relics of Beowulf. There is something awful in the light of a burning ship—the funeral ship was sometimes set on fire—laden with the jewelled figure of the great chieftain, whose ashes sink into the silent sea and pass from out of our sight forever.

To make an examination of this kind worth the trouble, however, it must be systematic, and it must be carried out with something like precision. We do not wish to lose ourselves in a mass of details confused and indiscriminate, but to construct for ourselves some picture of the prehistoric life of our race, as gathered from one of its earliest and most striking products. The words which clothe the ideas of the poem of Beowulf contain an abundant intimation of that life, and we have but to sift and single out in order to arrive at a tolerably just estimate of what it knew, felt, and saw. A glance, therefore, at the externals of this life, the physical envelope in which it lies, the landscape that lies about it; and this will be followed by an effort, if we have space, to sound the poem for the itemized internal life it contains, the economy of the old Teutonic scheme of existence as here revealed, the phenomena of social, domestic, and political life plainly appearing through the poem. To be sure, this sort of viewing is like looking through the larger end of a spy-glass; all things look exceedingly remote and diminished in scale; but each thing is distinct in itself, and each has its place in the disk.

Let us look for a moment at the landscape of the poem—the configuration of earth and sky, and 'orient' ourselves in this singular world. The sea gleams through every line of the poem—that gray, gleaming sea of the North, that has the glint of opal and the hardness of steel. It runs in through every canto, and throws its hard shimmer in your face as you read between the lines. The feeling of freedom, of health, of opulent respiration, which it gives is delightful; you feel that the sea was an essential part of old Germanic life, and that a great poet—the author or authors of Beowulf—discovered it twelve hundred years before Heine, hanging over this same prismatic green-gray sea, wrote his great North-Sea cycle of poems about it, and was supposed to have discovered the sea for the modern Germans. The references made to it in the poem are innumerable. The favorite epithet for it is the 'broad-sea' (507).\* The word 'sea' is a descriptive epithet, too, of many compounds: 'sea-boat,' 'sea-king,' 'sea-beast,' 'sea-drake,' 'sea-goer,' for vessel; 'sea-broad,' 'sea-bottom,' 'sea-offering,' 'sea-road,' 'sea-pacer,' 'sea-main,' 'sea-weary' (which contains in it a hint of sea-sickness, and is so familiar an epithet, in the term of *wasser-müde*, in the old German poem of Kudrun), 'sea-warrior,' 'field,' 'wall,' 'wood,' 'surge.' Then we have the streaming sea, flood, ocean, mere, hurried by currents and broken like shattered glass into a thousand white-caps. It is called the 'brim'-stream, the 'eagor'-stream, the 'mountain'- or 'lake'-stream. Many of the metaphors applied to it are very picturesque; the 'path of swans,' the 'helm of the waves,' the 'road of the whales,' the 'gannet's bath'; some of them sinking their roots into ancient personifications, into remote mythologies, into folklore full of quaint or twisted conceits, or odd points of view.

Two of the dragons that Beowulf fights and overcomes are sea-dragons that have a varied kin in the nicors and nixies, the strange seal-like, half human things that dip out of the poem here and there, and haunt the rivers and romances of old and new Germany. Beowulf, as he dives in the sea in search of Grendel's mother, is assaulted in the wan, lacklustre depths by more than one of these savage creatures.

The flash of water is seen everywhere. There are fens, morasses, dragon-pools, haunted woodland streams; the water burns with an infernal light when Grendel's mother sinks into it. There are misty slopes wet with the humidity of the sea—tarns of haunted water that affright the stags. This water is, at times, said to be bound with chains of ice, fettered with ropes twisted out of the frozen spray, bleak and colorless with the rigor of winter—an expanse of gray marble, out of which every hue, every hint, of generous warmth has been drained.

The author† delights in describing the plunge of these dim and whelming seas—how they roll in livid surges, or turn up their 'fallow' flanks to the wet sun, or lie locked in ice as in a frozen corselet, or are whipped by the bitter winds, a greedy, triumphant element, especially in this neighborhood of the Baltic peninsula, as we know not only from modern experience, but from Tacitus, from Ptolemy, from Strabo, and from others, who all describe the vast inundations that ravaged this whole, low-lying, oozing peninsula and coast of Friesland, Jutland, and Denmark.

The only two seasons known in the poem are winter and summer—the one bitter, roaring, full of blinding hail and snow; a spectral season that nips and freezes and drives the green away, and shuts the luxuriance of the earth, its aptitudes and fertilities,

\* Transactions of American Philological Association for 1882.

† Lüning Edda, 345; Lüning, 65.

‡ Weinhold, Altnordisches Leben, 479, 483.

§ Weinhold, Altnordisches Leben, 496.

|| Whitesark, Ragnar Lodbrok's son, is burnt on a pyre of human skulls. (Weinhold, Altnordisches Leben, 482.) Brynhilda lies in state on a chariot covered with a tent, whence her spirit is borne in flames to the underworld. One of the German names for the Great Bear is Wain of Hell, which points to a heathen custom of burying the dead.

\* The references are to the Author's ed. (Ginn, Heath & Co., 1883.)

† For convenience we shall be obliged to adopt this form of speech.

its blossoms and fruits, deep in the heart of the soil; the other, summer—quick, brief, brilliant, rioting in glad light, charged with spreading germs and germinating existences, a sprouting wonder-world of 'leaves and limbs.' We find that our Teutonic ancestors counted by winters—fifty winters, etc.—as we gather from ten passages in this poem. Summer is not mentioned at all by name, though its harmonious influences, its vivid light, its loosening and quickening craft, its loving charm, suffuse many lines, often in contrast with winter. No moon, star, or constellation 'tretts' these dripping heaven-vaults with 'golden fire,' like the vaulted skies of Shakspeare; only the sun is mentioned, the 'world candle,' the 'candle of the firmament' (recalling another Shakspearean image), the great wan, waxen taper hanging on heaven's slope as a light to men in this dark world. It is mentioned but three times by name, and the single mention of the moon is simply an assertion that it was created with the sun to be a light to the 'dwellers on earth.' The shadow of falling rain, the gloom of gathering night, the sinking evening, the thrilling darkness when the sun has gone—these are each described in a way which shows the superstitious dread that men had then in a world from which light had vanished. When the sun comes back it is greeted with hope, as overcoming the monster Darkness, in the true fashion of Bunyan or the modern school of comparative mythologists.

### Current Criticism

**GILBERT WHITE AND THOREAU:**—Among students and lovers of out-door nature Thoreau has no exact counterpart. It could not be said of him what Isaac Walton said of himself, that his humor was to be 'free, and pleasant, and civilly merry.' In some respects he reminds us of Gilbert White; but there was this important difference between them—that White loved the study of animals and plants, while Thoreau studied them because he loved them. White desired to know, did not speculate, scarcely wondered; but facts were valuable to Thoreau only in relation to ideas. White once described the author of 'The Seasons' as 'a nice observer of natural occurrences.' The phrase is very good as a description of White himself, but it would be quite inapplicable to Thoreau. Thoreau's interest centred not in nature, but in man. He was a student of life. He chose the woods because existence there seemed to him simpler and truer than in the town; yet every object was to him a symbol having reference to 'the life of man. The pond-lily springing from black mud represented 'the resurrection of virtue.'—*Walter Lewin, in The Academy.*

**IMPROPER FICTION IN FREE LIBRARIES:**—What, then, is the remedy? First, every public library should have a committee, who will be as conscientious as they are intelligent in selecting only proper works of fiction. Second, some means should be adopted to direct and interest the minds of readers in the right kind of books. Notes, such as those appended to the catalogue of the Boston Public Library, calling attention to the best works on particular subjects, to their merits and demerits, will be very useful. But what is most of all needed is a sufficient force of assistant librarians, competent and intelligent, who shall make it their business, by timely conversation and suggestion, to guide the minds of those seeking instruction and relaxation to books that are innocent and wholesome, while also entertaining.—*The Christian at Work.*

**THE WOOD-ENGRAVING CONTROVERSY:**—He [Mr. Linton] says a wood-engraving is made up of lines; it is produced by lines only. In the American work he sees an abandonment of all thought of what is valuable in line. He says: 'In the cuts I condemn lines are not used, they are only put up with; their real use is avoided.' There is much more to the same purpose; and it must be confessed that the rigidity and elevation of Mr. Linton's taste has a favorable effect on the reader, who cannot but feel that what he says is true. But, however convincing Mr. Linton's words may be, we must allow, and in fact he allows, that a great deal of this mechanical work produces a very satisfactory and beautiful result; and, moreover, we may go on to say that it would be very desirable that a great school of wood-engravers should arise able to use line as Bewick used it, or as Mr. Linton himself can use it; but is it possible? No teaching will make a man a genius. The mechanical workman will always be in the majority, and it is well when he can be trained to such skill.—*The Saturday Review.*

**EDUCATION IN FRANCE:**—An examination epidemic will shortly be raging in France far more remorselessly than the

cholera. An important part of the Education Law of 1882 is to be put into force for the first time during the coming school term, and every French family in which there are children being educated at home will have to submit to examination. The ordeal, however, is not a very serious one, the standard being the minimum recognized by the code. The evidence, too, which may be accepted as satisfactory is certainly not exacting. Paterfamilias has merely to submit his children's exercise books, with a certificate of authenticity, to the 'jury,' who will only proceed to an oral examination in case the said exercises are palpably deficient. The object of the law, as the Minister of Education has explained in a circular to the prefects, is in fact not to judge of the quality of home instruction, but merely to secure that there is some instruction or other. It is not liberty of education which is interfered with, but only liberty of ignorance. It will be very interesting to see in how many cases parents are treated 'with all the rigor of the law,' and their children consigned to public elementary schools.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

**FEMALE EDUCATION IN FRANCE:**—The eminence that many Frenchwomen have attained in literature, art, and science—and especially, perhaps, the fact that the Paris University has enabled several women of other countries to obtain diplomas in medicine which were not procurable at home—is apt to mislead some as to the general state of female education in France and the opportunities afforded for women who are not geniuses to secure honorable independence for themselves. Things are mending in these respects; but, as Mr. Stanton's reports show, the general average of female education in France is still lamentably low, and kept down, as far as may be, by powerful prejudices; and the wages earned by working women are, as a rule, far less than those which are usual in England.—*The Athenaeum.*

### Notes

—THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *Harper's Monthly*, which will begin the seventieth volume of the magazine, will contain, besides the papers already announced, 'Farmer Worrall's Case,' by Saxe Holme, and poems by Andrew Lang and Edwin Arnold.

—Mr. Hamerton's new book, 'Social Intercourse,' is dedicated to Emerson.

—One of Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton's earlier works, 'Clinical Electro-Therapeutics,' has recently been translated into Japanese by Dr. Sato Yeiaku, of Tokio, under the title of 'Deukei Yoho.'

—General Beauregard, in his article on the Battle of Bull Run, in the November *Century*, gives the reasons why the Confederate victory at Bull Run was not followed up by an attack on Washington. He also discusses his personal relations with Mr. Davis, and criticises the subsequent conduct of the war on the Confederate side.

—*Longman's Magazine*, almost the youngest of the English monthlies, has been the most hospitable to American authors. To the first number Mr. Howells contributed his delightful paper on Lexington. All of Bret Harte's recent short stories and brief serials have appeared in its pages. Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Henry James have also contributed; and now the November number will contain a paper by Mr. Brander Matthews, on the antiquity of jests.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse has taken his passage on the Germanic, which will sail Nov. 29. He is to lecture in Boston in December and in Baltimore in January.

—Some erroneous statements having appeared as to Lord Tennyson's forthcoming volume, we are authorized, says *The Athenaeum*, 'to state that it will consist of a single dramatic poem, of considerable length, on the subject of Becket.'

—An anonymous novel, called 'At the Red Glove,' will be begun in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. The story is located in Berne, Switzerland, and is to be illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. In the July number a novel by W. D. Howells, entitled 'September and May,' will be begun. Among the art features of *Harper's* for 1885 will be a paper on 'The Revival of Mezzotint as a Painter's Art,' by Dr. Seymour Hayden.

—In the forthcoming seventh volume of Scribner's very successful series of 'Stories by American Authors' will appear the amusing story called 'Passages from the Journal of a Social Wreck,' originally contributed to *Harper's Monthly* when the World Employment Bureau offered to provide nice young men for small tea-parties, etc. This story was recently adapted into



French by M. Jean Soudan along with other stories by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, Mr. Brander Matthews and the late Fitz-James O'Brien, and published in a book called 'Histoires de l'Autre Monde.' It was written by a young lady, whose cleverness it well attests.

—The third volume of Griggs's German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students, prepared under the editorial supervision of Prof. George S. Morris, will be issued in about a week by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It is a critical exposition of 'Fichte's Science of Knowledge,' by Dr. C. C. Everett, of Harvard.

—The *Columbia Spectator* has begun the publication of a series of articles describing the many improvements which have been made in the fine library of Columbia College since Mr. Melvil Dewey has been its librarian.

—A volume of representative selections from Heine's prose writings will shortly be issued by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, under the title of 'Heine's Prosa.'

—Prof. Simon Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, has been elected Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

—D. Appleton & Co. will publish a volume which is intended to be in some sort a reply to 'The Breadwinners.' Its title—'The Money-makers'—suggests the latter work.

—'In the Haunts of the Nightingale' and 'The Negro Problem' will be of special interest to Southern readers of the November *Atlantic*.

—Mr. Browning left his glorious sunshine at St. Moritz in the Engadine last Wednesday,' says *The Academy* of Oct. 4, 'and will be settled again in London before this number of *The Academy* is out.' The last corrected revises of his new poem, 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' are in his printer's hands, and the volume will be published forthwith.

—The illustrations in the November *Century* will include six full-page pictures, among them several reproductions of Elihu Vedder's illustrations of the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam, soon to be published in book-form.

—Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' is running as a feuilleton in the Paris *Temps*.

—Mr. Bronson Howard's 'Young Mrs. Winthrop' will be the next play at the London Court Theatre where his 'Saratoga' and 'Banker's Daughter' were originally acted in England.

—Estes and Lauriat write:—We must take exception to your statement that 'R. Worthington makes good his *Chatterbox* claims, by proving that he is not one of those whom Estes and Lauriat threaten with suits.' We have already filed the papers in the U. S. Circuit Court of New York in our case against him, and if there is any virtue in the decree of Judge Wheeler, 'that the name or word *Chatterbox* as applied to and used with books of a juvenile character by James Johnston is a good and valid trademark,' we shall soon enjoin Mr. Worthington and all others from its use.

—The *Portfolio* (Bouton) improves every year and every month. The September number contains an exquisite head in red chalk—an example of original work by Rajon, an artist principally known by his etchings after Velasquez and other masters; a fine etching of a Venetian canal, by Lucien Gautier; a photograph of Mr. Alfred Stock's painting, 'A Window Garden,' and other excellent illustrations.

—A poem by Whittier, 'To Florence Nightingale of England,' will appear in *The Brooklyn Magazine* for November.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have ready for immediate publication, in the American Commonwealth Series, 'Maryland,' by William Hand Browne. 'Two Compton Boys,' by Augustus Hoppin, a companion to 'Auton House,' and a new edition of A. P. Sinnett's 'Esoteric Buddhism,' are announced by the same house.

—A Mr. J. H. Dinkgrave sends to the Boston *Pilot* a serio-comic protest against the adoption of Mr. Converse's proposed new pronoun, *thon*.

—That invaluable publication, 'The Publishers' Trade-List Annual,' is ready, for 1884. This is the twelfth number of the 'Annual,' which gets better, or perhaps we should say more complete, as it grows older. There is information in this volume which every one interested in the publications of the day must have, yet cannot get in any other form. The work is admirably done, and the trifling cost of the book (\$1.50) should give it a sale of at least 10,000 copies—as many, that is, as there are book-sellers in the United States.

—Members of the Junior English literature class at Yale may choose subjects for their compositions from the following list: Milton's Debt to Caedmon, The Arguments for the Date of Chaucer's Birth, Practical Uses of Etymology, English Literature Compared with Other Literature, History of the Essay, Development of the Novel, Italian Influence on English Literature, Famous Literary Clubs, Wordsworth's Place Among the English Poets, A Study of Keats's 'Hyperion,' Hawthorne's Imagination, Shakespeare's Female Characters, Oliver Goldsmith, Christopher Marlowe, Sheridan, Sir Philip Sidney, Tennyson's Poems.

—Mr. John Sparkes, Principal of the South Kensington Art School, is editing for Cassell & Co. a series of books for an artist's library. The volumes are by well-known foreign writers, and are published under the patronage of the French Administration of Fine Arts. Messrs. Cassell & Co. also announce 'Fisheries of the World,' by F. Whympers.

—Mr. Froude will not go to Australia.

—Edward Everett Hale writes in favor of 'Half-Time in Schools' in the November *North American*.

—'Robinson Crusoe,' with notes, and a hundred illustrations by Gordon Browne, will be issued by Blackie & Son for the Christmas holidays. The new edition will be a reprint of the first one—that of 1719.

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 814.**—1. Please tell me the meaning of the title of the last essay in 'Theophrastus Such'—'The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!' 2. Where can I get Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night? a song so often mentioned by Goldsmith. 3. Where is there a good description of the old English game of Fives? 4. Is there a good English translation of St. Beuve's 'Causeries du Lundi'? 5. Which are George Sand's best two novels? 6. Which is Anstey's best?

[1. 'Hep! hep!' is, we believe, the German cry of incitement to canine attack, like our 'st' boy!' and 'sic 'em.' It is used by George Eliot in allusion to the outcry against, and persecution of the Jews. 2. There were three series of 'Causeries'—the 'Causeries du Lundi,' the 'Premiers Lundis' and the 'Derniers Lundis.' There is but one French edition of them, we believe. There was also a series of 'Portraits Littéraires' from which Sainte-Beuve's 'English Portraits' (New York: Holt) were probably translated. 'Monday-Chats' is a volume of translations from the 'Causeries,' by William Matthews, is published by S. C. Griggs & Co. 3. 'Consuelo' and 'Mauprat' are the most famous. 4. 'The Giant's Robe,' though 'Vice-Versa' made a greater hit.]

**No. 815.**—Is this sentence correct? 'And who are these, on whom, and on all that appertains to them, the dust of earth seems never to have settled?' It is Hawthorne, and yet the 'them' seems incorrect to me. Is it? New York City.

[We should say the sentence was correct, though rather awkward. As a rule it is safe, as you yourself apparently believe, to trust a writer of Hawthorne's reputation for his grammar, as well as for his grace.]

**No. 816.**—How should the title of the comic weekly, *Life*, be pluralized? Would you say two *Lives*, or two *Lifes*?

[We should doubtless say *Lifes*, if we didn't circumlocute with the phrase, 'two copies of *Life*.' The latter way would of course be the safest, and therefore the best.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 798.**—1. Richmond's Grammar of Lithography, a practical work recently issued in London, may be had for \$2 at D. Van Nostrand's, 23 Murray-st., New York, where G. B. can examine other works on the same subject, both in French and German. 2. *The Century*, Nov. 1883. 3. *The Atlantic*, Vol. LI., p. 464, 1883. 4. *The Century*, Aug. 1883. 5. 'Some Private Views' was printed in the Tauchnitz series, and may be obtained through Westermann or Christern. 6. *Longman's*, Vol. IV., p. 74.

**No. 804.**—The lines 'In the down-hill of life,' etc., were written by a poet named Collins, and are quoted in Palgrave's Golden Treasury.

New York City.

W. E. D.

**No. 804.**—The author is William Collins. I have a copy of the poem, should 'L' desire it.

FORDHAM, NEW YORK CITY.

A. H. DUNDON.

**No. 807.**—'The Mysterious Stranger' (by Jane Taylor) may be found in McGuffey's Sixth Reader, a Cincinnati school-book. I have never seen it elsewhere.

WESTTOWN, PA.

W. W. DEWEES.

**No. 810.**—The lines 'They are slaves, who fear to speak,' etc., compose the concluding verse of James Russell Lowell's 'Stanzas on Freedom.'

NEW YORK CITY.

W. E. DAVENPORT.

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